

# The Fault in our Love

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-18 21:47:28

Updated: 2014-08-18 21:47:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:36:32

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,685

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: 16-year-old Hiccup Haddock has cancer and all he wants is his own little infinity. Can he find that in Tall, lean, spiked short white hair, blue eyed Jackson Overland? The Fault In Our Stars AU.

Rating K, will be raised as the story continues

## The Fault in our Love

**\*\*Bold - V.O.\*\***

**\*\*Bold \_+ Italic - Places in the story\_\*\***

**\_Italic - Thoughts or flashback/flash-forward\_**

\* \* \*

><p>16 year old Hiccup Horrendous Haddock lies down in the grass, starring up at the stars.<p>

'\*\*I believe we have a choice in this world, about how to tell sad stories. On the one hand, you can sugar coat it. When nothing is to messed up that can't be fixed with a Peter Gabriel song. I like that version as much as the next person. It's just not the truth. This is the truthâ€¦| sorry.'\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I'm sitting in the doctor's office; my mom is talking to my doctor, Dr. Bunnymund.<p>

'\*\*Late in the winter of my 17\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* yearâ€¦| my mother decided I was depressed.' \*\*

"I'm not depressed," I tell them, my feet dangling over the side of the exam table. My mother, Valka; who is in her early 40s, long brown-ish red hair, is talking to the doctor.

"â€| He is eating like a bird. He barely leaves the house," Mom tells Dr. Bunny.

"I'm not depressed," I repeat.

"â€| He reads the same book over and overâ€|" mom continued.

"He's depressed," Dr. Bunnymund concluded, looking at me.

"I'm not depressed!" I said my voice cracking.

'\*\*The Booklets and web sites always list depression as a side effect of cancerâ€| '\*\*

\_~Flashback/Flash-forward~ \_

Hiccup is sitting at the mall with his mom, his oxygen tank next to him, just another day. He looks up and watches some teenage girls gossip and laugh, just being regular teenage girls.

'\*\*Depression's not a side effect of cancerâ€| '\*\*

\_~Switch to another Flashback/Flash-forward~\_

Hiccup is sitting in the living room of his house, watching game shows in the middle of the afternoon. Valka walked in with a sandwich, smoothie and a whole host of prescription meds. He eyed them indifferently.

'â€| \*\*It's a side effect of \*\*\*\*dying\*\*\*\*. '\*\*

\_~Switch~ \_

Hiccup is sitting at Starbucks alone. He's reading a dog-eared, heavily underlined copy of An Imperial Affliction by Pitch Von Black. He looked up from his book when he heard a squeal, he watched as a boy picked up a girl, spinning her around a bit before giving her a kiss. There was beat, and then he went back to reading his book.

'\*\*Which is what is happening to me. '\*\*

\_~End of Flashback/Flash-forward~\_

Mom continued to talk to the doctor while I continued to dangle my feet over the side of the table.

"â€| Some days he won't even get out of bed."

Dr. Bunnymund scratched his beard, thinking. "I may switch you to Zoloft. Or Lexapro. And twice a day instead of once."

"Why stop there?" I ask.

"Hmm?"

"Keep `em coming. I can take it. I'm like the Keith Richards of cancer kids."

Dr. Bunnymund turned and looked at mom, who in turn just shook her

head.

"Have you been going to the support group I suggested?" He asked.

Instead of answering him, I looked over to mom. "He's gone a few times," she told Bunnymund.

"I'm not sure it's for me," I told him.

"If you're depressed â€"

I interrupted him, exasperated. "I'm not de â€"

He just ignored me and continued speaking. "â€" Support Groups are a great way to connect with people who areâ€|"

"What?" I asked, staring at him.

"â€| On the same journey."

"Journey? Really?" I asked, my voice cracking again.

"Hiccup," mom warned.

"Just give it a chance, ok? For me," Dr. Bunnymund said.

I rolled my eyes, knowing I lost this battle.

"Who knows? You might even find itâ€| enlightening."

\*\*At A Church â€" Church Basement\*\*

Snotlout had just finished singing a song and playing his guitar as he sat down in the only empty chair.

"â€| We gathered here today â€" literally in the heart of Jesus," Snotlout started, 30s, ponytail. He set his guitar down. I shook my head, this is the lamest thing I could be doing right now. "Who would like to share their story with the group?" The basement is filled with sick people. I among them. Most are under the age of 18.

"Jamie. 15. Lymphoma."

"Cupcake. 17. Ewing Sarcoma."

"Snotlout. 34. Testicular. It started a few years ago, when I wasâ€|"

'\*\*I'll spare you the gory details of Snotlout's ball cancer. Basically, they found it in his nuts, cut most of it out, he almost died, but he didn't die, and now here he is â€" divorced, friendless, addicted to video games, exploiting his concertastic past in the heart of Jesus â€" \*\*\*\*"literally"\*\*\*\* â€" to show us that one day â€" if we're lucky â€" we could be \*\*\*\*just\*\* \*\*like \*\*\*\*him\*\*\*\*.'\*\*

Everyone in unison, said, "We're here for you Snotlout."

I said it with the least amount of enthusiasm I could muster. I locked eyes with my only friend in Support Group, a dark haired kid with big glasses, Tyler.

"Who else would like to share?" Snotlout asked the group. There was no response. "Hiccup?"

'\_Oh no.' \_Snotlout gestured for me to speak. I sighed as I stood up.

"I'm, uh, Hiccup. 16. Thyroid originally but with quite the impressive satellite colony in my lungs." With nothing else to say, I began to sit down.

"And how are you doing, Hiccup?" Snotlout asked me, quirking an eyebrow.

'\*\*You mean beside the terminal cancer? '\*\*

"Alright? I guessâ€|?" I sat back down as Tyler tried not to laugh.

"We're here for you Hiccup." I exhaled, not interested in the least.\_  
'This is not at all helping.'\_

"Maybe now I'll play a songâ€|"

\_\*\*After Support Group â€" Outside/Car\*\*\_

I walked outside with a sigh as I saw my mom sitting in the car, reading a book. As I walked up, mom gave me a look that just screamed 'well was it great?', I just sighed again and got into the car.

\_\*\*Living Room â€" Another Day \*\*\_

I've been sitting in the living room, flipping through my book, watching "America's Next Top Model," while sitting on the L-shaped couch we have in the house. My parents are sitting on each side of me, watching me.

"It's Friday night," Mom said, trying to start a conversation.

"Hmm?" I answered back to her.

"I was just thinkingâ€| you should call your friends; see what they're up to."

I looked at her, disinterested. "That's okay."

"Wanna go see a movie?" Dadâ€"Stoick, 40s, large red beard, kind, trying to stay positive â€" asked after sharing a look with mom.

I looked up from my book as I got an idea. "Why don't you guys go to a movie? You haven't been out in a while. Go. Have fun. Take the night off."

Mom and Dad shared another look, before Dad spoke up, "This is a really good show." I sighed and just, like, that we all went back to

what we were doing.

'\*\*And that was my life. Reality shows. Doctor's appointments. Eight prescription drugs, three times a day.' \*\*

\_\*\*In the Kitchen â€" Another Day\*\*\_

I'm sitting on the counter in our kitchen, watching as my parents make sandwiches.

'\*\*And the worse, worse worst of allâ€¦ support group.' \*\*

"Ugh. You can't make me," I groaned out.

"Of course we can, we're your parents," Dad said with a smile. I frowned. "Hiccup, you need to get out of the house. Make friends. Be a teenager."

"If you want me to be a teenager, don't send me to Support Group. Buy me a fake ID so I can go to clubs and drink gimlets and take pot," I said as I flailed my arms, before intertwining my own fingers together on my lap, waiting for them to respond.

Dad turned towards me, pointing at me with his sandwich. "Um, you don't take pot."

I jumped up a little at that. "See, that's the kind of think I would know with a fake ID!"

Mom turned to look at me, a tiny smile on her face. "Get in the car." She turned back around and I mock stabbed myself in the stomach with an invisible sword a smile on my face as tipped sideways on to the counter, making a soft thud.

\_\*\*The Church \*\*\_

'\*\*And so I wentâ€¦' \*\*

Mom pulled the car up close to the back entrance of the church.

'\*\*Not because I wanted to or because I thought it would help. But for the same reason I did anything these daysâ€¦' \*\*

I got out of the car, my oxygen tank in toe, of course with moms assistance.

'â€¦' \*\*To make my parents happy.' \*\*

Once I was situated with my oxygen tank I turned to my mom as she got back into the car. "Are you gonna sit here and wait the whole time?"

"Of course not, no. Iâ€¦" she began babbling. \_'She totally is.' \_"I have errands to run." I knew she didn't have any errands to run but decide to just not press the issue further.

"Ok."

"Love you."

"Love you too."

'\*\*The only thing worse than biting it from cancer â€" is having a kid bite it from cancer.'\*\*

Before mom rolled up her window she shouted, "Make some friends!" I sighed, shook my head, and continued walking.

\_\*\*Inside the Church\*\*\_

I began walking towards the elevator; I stopped as I noticed an extremely sick looking kid holding the door open for me. I smiled a fake smile, "I'll take the stairs."

The kid nodded and let the door shut. \_'It could always be worse.' \_I turned around to leave but ended up walking right into someone.

"Ooph."

"Sorry!" I looked up to find myself face to a supremely beautiful \*\* (1) \*\*boy. Tall, lean, spiked short white hair, blue eyes. I have never seen a better looking guy in my life.

"My bad," he says, a crooked grin on his face.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>(1) <strong>â€" \*\*Just so ya'll know, that was the exact words of Hazel that I found on the script, so yeah, I didn't just come up with that and make it sound extremely cheesy and shit.  
\*\*

End  
file.